



A Different Kind Of Souvenir



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Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

Instead of a souvenir like a t-shirt, or a key chain, or perhaps a seashell, I brought home an ancient curse from my vacation to Florida.

My family and I had went to some boring museum, while I was yearning to visit the beach. We lived in upstate New York, so there wasn't a lot of sand and sunshine. There were many artifacts, and mummies, but the item that really caught my eye was a vase.

Yes, a plain old vase made out of some old dried up mud.

It was from early Ancient China, made thousands of years ago, according to the plaque on the case. The vase wasn't very popular, for everyone was attracted to the new mummy exhibit. I was, sort of, attracted to it in a way. I reached out to touch the glass, when my mother called me over to look at some gems. But I knew I would find out what was so special about that vase before we left Florida.

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